

VOL. 8 NO. 5

JANUARY 10¢



# BLUE BOLT

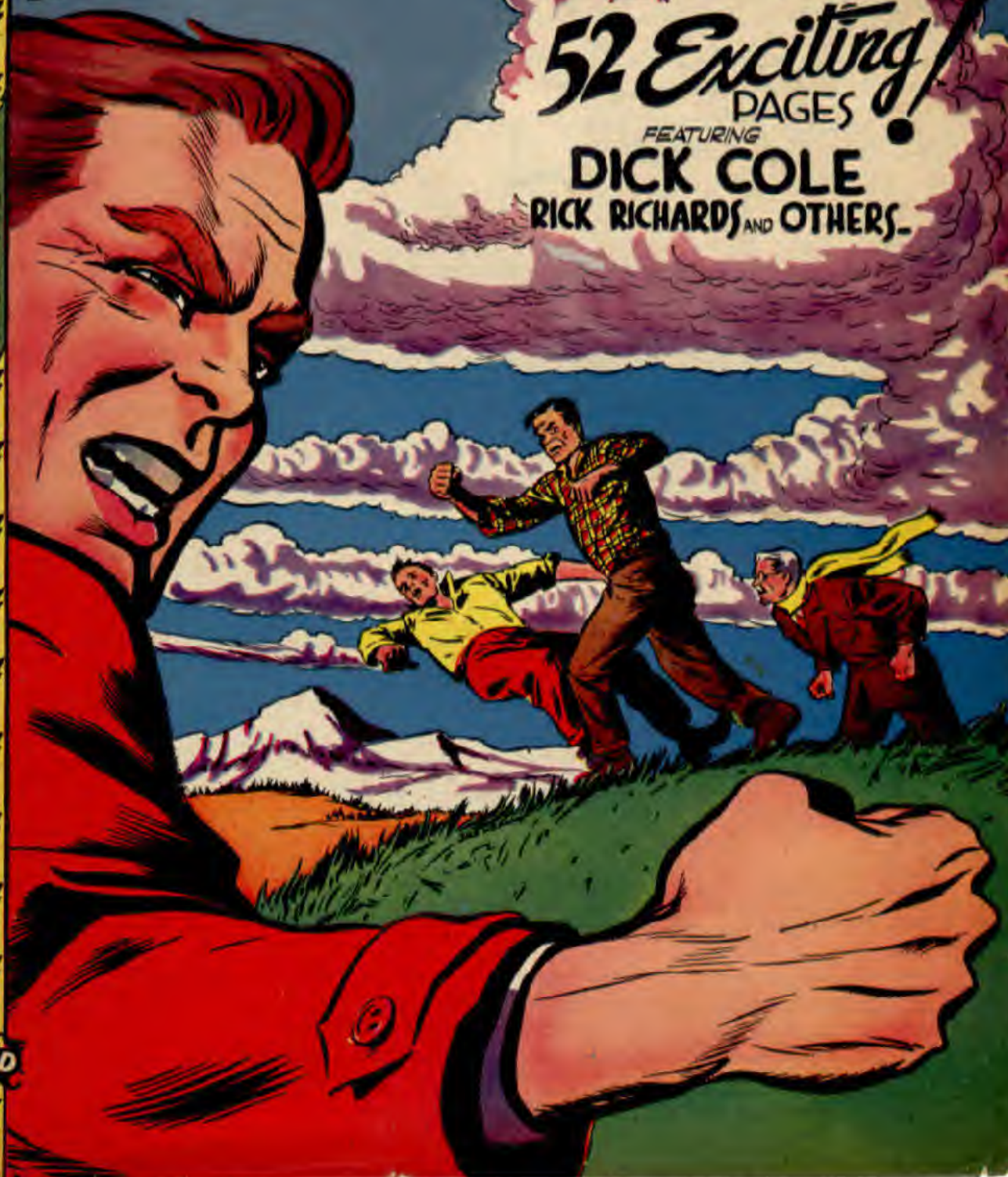
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

52 *Exciting!*  
PAGES

FEATURING

**DICK COLE**

**RICK RICHARDS AND OTHERS...**



ID





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# BLUE BOLT FLASHES

## THE EDITORS WRITE:

Dear Readers:

Look at the bottom of page 3 of the "Dick Cole" story! You see there Question No. 1. But where is the answer? Turn the page over and there it is on the bottom of page 4 of "Dick Cole." Do you notice another change in the position of the A? You're right! The answers are now printed right side up.

Many of your letters have asked us to try this arrangement for the Q's and A's. We always want to try good reader-suggestions, so here you are.

We'll keep the Questions and Answers this way until a majority of you show disapproval. Confidentially, we think you will probably like this new layout better.

Cordially yours,

THE EDITORS.

## THE READERS WRITE:

### RICHARD MAKES BLUE BOLT POPULAR

Dear Editors:

Here's a reply to Raymond Nelson's letter in the September issue. I estimate that he does not read many comic books because he does not recognize the best comic book on sale. I believe he is one of those who thinks too much of himself. Especially when he stated "if you want any information, just write to me." But I'll never say those words because you "live and learn."

I enjoy your comic book very much. "Dick Cole" is the best in BLUE BOLT. Richard, for once, opens the door because Rick Richards helps open the door in BLUE BOLT, the best book on sale.

The only way to make BLUE BOLT better is to make it longer. Keep up the good work.

BLUE BOLT'S friend,  
Glenn Norberg  
Lake Bronson, Mich.

### A READER'S OPINION

Dear Editors:

I have just read your August book. My opinion of it is that it's the best of all the comic books. I noticed one reader criticized "Sergeant Spook." Of course,

a story like that couldn't really happen, but you have to use your imagination. I especially like "Edison Bell." He is so much like the teen-age boys in our city.

Jack Hearne also does a grand job drawing the covers for BLUE BOLT comics. Continue the good work and publish more and more BLUE BOLT comics.

Yours truly,  
Mary Thomas  
Ensleg, Ala.

### A HAPPY READER

Dear Editors:

I have just finished reading your September issue of BLUE BOLT. I think your magazine is tops. With me "Dick Cole" rates first and "Edison Bell" second. I am very glad that you substituted "Rick Richards" for "Fearless Fellers." The art is very good in every story except "Krisco and Jasper." I think that the story as well as the art could be improved. I also want to compliment you on your fine covers.

Please keep up the good work.

Sincerely yours,  
Patricia O'Leary  
Holyoke, Mass.

### BLUE BOLT IS THE BEST

Dear Editors:

I've read the criticizing letters sent in and published in your swell book. I don't agree at all. BLUE BOLT is the best comic for *real* reading enjoyment. Each story is drawn very well. I especially like "Dick Cole" and "Edison Bell." I've read lots of comics, but your book tops them all.

Sincerely yours,  
Edward Daheheimer  
St. Louis, Mo.

### A DIFFICULT DECISION

Dear Editors:

Having just finished the August issue of BLUE BOLT comics I have made a very close decision. The decision was between "Dick Cole" and "Edison Bell", and "Dick Cole" won because of the life-like originality of the story.

I also favor putting the answers of Q's and A's in the back of the book.

Sincerely,  
Lloyd Taylor  
Houston, Texas

ADDRESS YOUR MAIL TO BLUE BOLT COMICS, 119 W. 19th ST., NEW YORK 11, N. Y.

\$1.00 will be sent to the writer of each letter published on this page.







"SPIDER" JONES, A WELL-KNOWN GAMBLER, APPROACHES THE BAR-X.

YOU PLACED SOME AWFUL HEAVY BETS AGAINST FARR, SPIDER.

I DON'T SEE WHY THIS DUDE FOOTBALL TEAM WORRIES YOU, STUB, BUT I'LL LOOK 'EM OVER, ANYWAY.



AS I SEE IT, IT'S MONEY IN THE BANK! SAGEBRUSH WILL RUN WILD AGAINST THOSE TIN SOLDIERS, AND I'LL COLLECT FIVE GRAND.



BUT AFTER AN HOUR OF WATCHING FARR PRACTICE ...



WHEW! THAT FARR BACKFIELD IS MURDER!

COLE AND HALL ARE BOTH TRIPLE-THREAT MEN, AND THAT SLIP'RY RUNS LIKE AN ANTELOPE!

WELL, YOU MIGHT AS WELL KISS YOUR FIVE GRAND GOOD-BYE, SPIDER.



I LIKE MONEY TOO MUCH FOR THAT, STUB. IF THOSE THREE BACKFIELD MEN ARE ... ELIMINATED, I CAN'T LOSE ... GET ME?

THE MORNING OF THE GAME ..

IF ONLY WE HAD GOOD OLD SIMBA KARNO TO PLAY WITH US, WE'D BE AT OUR PEAK.

HIVA, FELLAS!



HMM ... RECKON I'M ELECTED TO DO THE DIRTY WORK!



SIMBA'LL BE OUT OF THE HOSPITAL SOON WITH A NEW FACE.

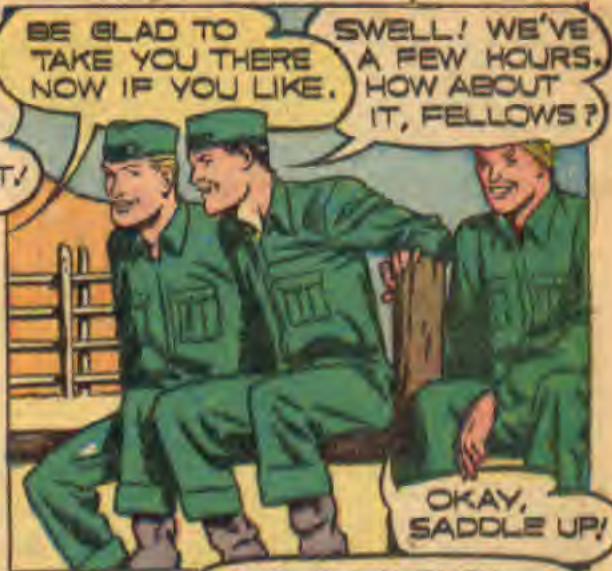
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EVER SEEN THE LOCAL PETRIFIED FOREST? IT AIN'T FAR FROM HERE.

PETRIFIED FOREST? SAY, I'D LIKE TO SEE THAT!



BE GLAD TO TAKE YOU THERE NOW IF YOU LIKE.

SWELL! WE'VE A FEW HOURS. HOW ABOUT IT, FELLOWS?

OKAY, SADDLE UP!



A HALF HOUR LATER, OUT ON THE DESERT...

WE DON'T HAVE TIME TO GO MUCH FARTHER. WHERE ARE YOU TAKING US?



INTO AN AMBUSH, CHUMP! DON'T PUT UP A FIGHT OR YOU'LL GET LEAD POISONING!



THE BOYS ARE BOUND AND BLINDFOLDED. THEN THE PARTY GETS UNDER WAY.

NOW WHAT? YOU CAN'T HIDE US. THE BAR-X PUNCHERS WILL COMB THE RANGE.

BUT THEY CAN'T FIND THE BEST HIDEOUT IN THE WHOLE SOUTHWEST!



THERE'S GOOD OLD RED MESA. FOLKS HEREABOUT BELIEVE IT CAN'T BE CLIMBED. SURE WAS A LUCKY DAY WHEN SPIDER JONES FOUND THE SECRET PASSAGE TO THE TOP!

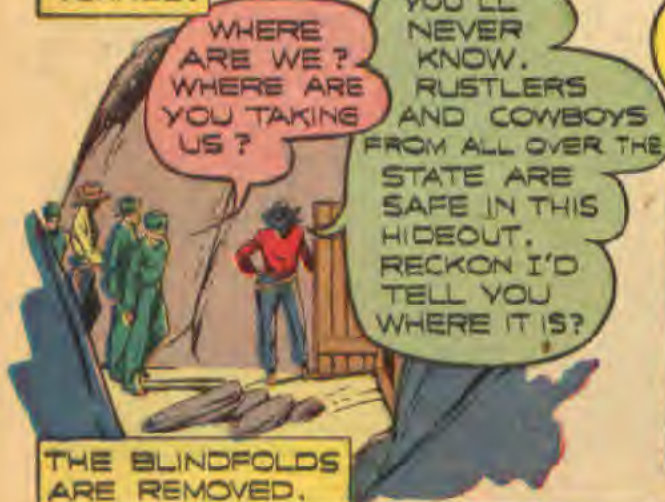


AT THE BASE OF RED MESA, STUB UNCOVERS THE SECRET PASSAGE.



HAUL THE PRISONERS DOWN OFF THEM CAYUSES AND LEAD 'EM UP THE TUNNEL, BOYS.

THE BOYS ARE LED INTO THE TUNNEL.



WHERE ARE WE? WHERE ARE YOU TAKING US?

YOU'LL NEVER KNOW. RUSTLERS AND COWBOYS FROM ALL OVER THE STATE ARE SAFE IN THIS HIDEOUT. RECKON I'D TELL YOU WHERE IT IS?

AFTER A LONG CLIMB, THEY EMERGE.

OKAY, BOYS, TAKE THE BLINDFOLDS OFF. THE SOLDIER BOYS WON'T KNOW WHERE THEY ARE NOW!



THE BOYS ARE CONDUCTED TO A DILAPIDATED SHACK.

HUMPH! NICE LOOKING BUNCH OF BOYS YOU'VE GOT... I DON'T THINK!

YEAH. THEY'RE PLENTY ROUGH, COLE... AND QUICK ON THE DRAW.

THIS'LL BE YOUR HOME UNTIL THE GAME IS OVER.

SO THAT'S IT! GOSH! THE FARR TEAM'LL BE PRETTY CRIPPLED WITHOUT US, I'M AFRAID.





AN HOUR PAST GAME-TIME. THE FANS ARE IMPATIENT. FINALLY

FARR, MINUS ITS REGULAR BACKFIELD, IS UNABLE TO STOP THE SAGEBRUSH PASSES. THE HALF SCORE: SAGEBRUSH 13, FARR 0.

FARR STARTS THE GAME WITH A SECOND-STRING BACKFIELD.

FINE TIME FOR COLE AND HALL TO GO SIGHT-SEEING!



MEANWHILE ...

RECKON I'LL UNTIE YOU AND PUT YOU TO WORK DOIN' SOME COOKIN' FOR US, COLE.

OKAY BY ME!



BUT I DON'T THINK YOU'LL LIKE THE RESULTS!



PUTTING THESE DAMP CLOTHS IN WITH THE WOOD:LL MAKE A GRAND SMOKE. THE OUTLAWS ARE SO BUSY PLAYING CARDS THEY WON'T NOTICE MY SENDING SMOKE SIGNALS.

AS DICK BUSTLES AROUND THE STOVE, STUB SETTLES DOWN TO A CARD GAME.

AIN'T YOU RISKIN' A SMOKE GIVEAWAY, BUILDIN' A FIRE, STUB?

NAW. TH' WOOD'S TOO DRY TO MAKE ANY SMOKE.





HEY, STUPID,  
DON'T YOU KNOW  
HOW TO WORK A  
DAMPER? QUIT  
FIDDLIN' WITH IT.

UH...OKAY, STUB.  
SORRY.

BY SHUTTING THE  
SMOKE ON AND OFF  
I CAN SEND LONG  
AND SHORT PUFFS..  
THE MORSE CODE.

SOON...



SO DID I, BUT  
SOMEBODY MUST  
BE UP THERE.

HM-M-M. LARGE  
AND SMALL PUFFS  
AT REGULAR  
INTERVALS.

LOOKS LIKE  
SOME SORT  
OF MESSAGE.  
LET'S  
SEE...

MEANWHILE THE SAGEBRUSH TEAM  
GOES BACK TO THE FIELD FOR  
THE SECOND HALF.

I WISH FARR  
HAD THEIR BACKFIELD  
STARS. THIS VICTORY  
WON'T MEAN MUCH  
WITHOUT THEM.

YEAH, THAT'S..  
HEY, LOOK! SMOKE  
PUFFS COMING FROM  
THE RED MESA.  
THOUGHT THE MESA  
WAS INACCESSIBLE.



THE SAGEBRUSH PLAYER  
READS DICK'S SIGNAL AND THE  
SAGEBRUSH SCRUB TEAM GOES  
TO THE RESCUE!

THEY REACH RED MESA AND PILE  
FROM THE CARS, BUT —

NOW WHAT? IT GOES  
STRAIGHT UP!

WE SCRUBS  
WANTED ACTION.  
HERE'S OUR  
CHANCE.

HOPE WE CAN  
GET 'EM BACK IN TIME  
TO FINISH  
THE GAME!



IF THOSE  
FARR GUYS  
CLIMBED  
IT, SO CAN  
WE. LET'S  
GO!



MAYBE WE'LL BREAK  
OUR NECKS TRYING,  
BUT LET'S CLIMB IT,  
FELLOWS.

STUB'S PALS GO OUT TO SEE IF  
ALL'S WELL... BUT..

IF THEY MAKE IT,  
THEY'LL DISCOVER  
THE SECRET  
PASSAGE, AND  
OUR HIDEOUT  
WILL BE  
RUINED.

HEY! SOME  
CONSNARN IDJITS  
ARE TRYING TO  
CLIMB UP HERE!

THIS OUGHT TO  
DISCOURAGE  
THEM!

GEE! IF WE DON'T  
QUIT, WE'LL HAVE  
ROCKS IN OUR HEADS!  
LET'S GO BACK, BILL!

NO! IF FARR  
DID IT,  
SAGEBRUSH  
CAN DO IT!

WHAT  
THE...!?  
SOME DUMB  
COYOTES MUST BE  
TRYIN' TO CLIMB  
THE MESA!!

HA! AN  
ANSWER  
TO MY SIGNAL!  
I'VE GOT TO  
GO HELP THEM!

DICK SEIZES THE COFFEEPOT  
FROM THE STOVE AND CASTS  
ITS BOILING CONTENTS AT  
STUB.

EEE-YOW! THAT'S  
HOT!



DICK FOLLOWS  
UP WITH  
HIS  
FISTS.

SPLAT!



STUB DROPS. DICK QUICKLY FREES

SUP'RY AND  
BARK.

SNAP OUT OF IT,  
BOYS. STUB'S PALS  
HEARD HIM YELL.  
WE'RE IN FOR A  
BATTLE!

GOOD. LET 'EM  
COME—WE CAN  
TAKE 'EM!



THE  
OUTLAWS  
STOP BOMBARDING THE  
SAGEBRUSH BOYS AND RUSH  
TO THE SHACK.

THE BOYS BATTLE AGAINST  
OVERWHELMING ODDS.

YOU AIN'T  
GOT A  
CHANCE!

CARE TO TRADE  
IN THAT UGLY  
MUG FOR A  
PLOC! NEW PAN?



...BUT REINFORCEMENTS ARRIVE.

WE MADE IT!  
CLIMBED RED  
MESA!

ULP! WE AIN'T GOT  
A CHANCE NOW!



THE SAGEBRUSH PLAYERS  
TURN THE TIDE, AND SOON THE  
OUTLAWS ARE OVERCOME.

THANKS FOR THE  
ASSIST, FELLOWS.  
YOU'LL FIND IT  
MUCH EASIER COMING  
DOWN THROUGH THE  
SECRET PASSAGE!

PASSAGE? GOSH, IF  
WE HADN'T THOUGHT  
YOU CLIMBED THE  
MESA, WE'D NEVER  
HAVE HAD THE  
NERVE TO TRY IT!



A NEWER  
FIG. 1. A mesa, pronounced "may'sa," is a flat-topped rocky hill with steeply sloping sides.



THE BOYS DESCEND AND RUSH BACK TO THE FOOTBALL FIELD. THE GAME IS RESUMED. ON THE SECOND PLAY, DICK INTERCEPTS A SAGEBRUSH PASS...



...AND GALLOPS 65 YARDS FOR A TOUCHDOWN!

DICK HALL INTERCEPTS ANOTHER PASS, AND BEHIND SUPERS BLOCKING BY DICK, TALLIES ANOTHER SIX POINTS.



WITH TWO MINUTES TO GO, SUP'RY SPEEDS AROUND THE END FOR THE FINAL TOUCHDOWN.



DICK KICKS THE EXTRA POINT AND...

YIPPE-E-E! THE GAME'S OVER! FARR WINS 21 TO 20! WOW!



UGH, THAT'S OVER FIVE THOUSAND BUCKS I'VE GIVEN BACK. I'M RUINED!

YOU CAN THINK OVER YORE MISTAKE IN THE HOOSEGOW, 'LONG WITH THE OUTLAWS THE BOYS ROUNDED UP!

YOU SAGEBRUSH MEN RISKED YOUR NECKS JUST TO MAKE SURE YOUR OPPOSITION HAD A FAIR CHANCE. THAT'S MY IDEA OF REAL SPORTSMANSHIP!

YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN, DICK. MEN OF SAGEBRUSH, WE SALUTE YOU!





# BOYS-IT'S FREE!

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WHY DO YOU CALL  
HIM MAPLE SYRUP?

'CAUSE HE'S SUCH  
A REFINED SAP!!

AND WHY WOULD YOU  
LIKE TO BE A  
PILLOW?

(YAWN) OH, SO I  
COULD LIE IN BED  
ALL DAY!!

HEY, HANK-HAVE YOU  
PUT ANYTHING AWAY  
FOR A RAINY DAY??

OF COURSE—  
AN UMBRELLA!!

CRACK

CRASH

WALT HAMMER

ACE BUBBLE GUM CO.  
THE GUM THAT DOES "WHOO-SH"



# Sergeant Spook

IN  
THE ADVENTURE OF THE  
MISPLACED MARKERS!!

SERGEANT SPOOK AND JERRY  
START OUT ON A QUIET  
VACATION BUT END UP  
COMBATING CROOKS AND  
TRACKING DOWN VALUABLE  
HIDDEN PAPERS.



IT SURE WAS  
NICE OF GARY  
KENT TO INVITE  
ME TO SPEND  
MY VACATION ON  
HIS ESTATE.

AND WHAT A  
PLACE! HE MUST  
OWN A LOT OF  
LAND, JERRY.

WELCOME, JERRY.  
I'M GLAD YOU'RE  
HERE!

HELLO, MR.  
KENT.



QUESTION  
No. 4.

Man + what verb meaning avoid = a large house? Don't shun this Q — it's not hard!



THE NEXT MORNING...

A GENTLEMAN TO SEE YOU, MR. KENT. HE SAYS IT'S URGENT.

VERY WELL, SHOW HIM IN.

MR. TORP, SIR.

I'M FROM THE SLICK LUMBER COMPANY, MR. KENT. WE JUST BOUGHT THE ESTATE NEXT TO YOURS.

OUR SURVEY PAPERS SHOW THAT YOUR TIMBER TRACTS ARE PART OF OUR LAND.

WHAT?

WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO GET AWAY WITH? THE ORIGINAL MARKERS DIVIDING THIS ESTATE AND THE NEXT HAVE STOOD FOR OVER 200 YEARS.

WE FIND YOU HAVE NO PAPERS TO SUBSTANTIATE YOUR CLAIM, KENT. TRUE, ISN'T IT?

GET OFF MY LAND, YOU CROOK!

YOU'LL REGRET THIS, KENT!

COME ON, JERRY, LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT THOSE MARKERS.

OKAY, MR. KENT.



GEORGE WASHINGTON SURVEYED THIS LAND FOR MY FAMILY, BUT THE SURVEY PAPERS WERE EITHER HIDDEN OR LOST MORE THAN 150 YEARS AGO. AH, THERE'S A MARKER NOW.



BUT IT SHOULDN'T BE HERE AT THE EDGE OF THE TIMBER TRACT. THOSE CROOKS MUST HAVE MOVED IT!



I'M GOING BACK TO THE HOUSE AND CALL MY LAWYER.

STAY HERE, JERRY. I'VE GOT AN IDEA.



KEEP YOUR HANDS ON THAT MARKER, JERRY, AND WE'LL TAKE A TRIP TO GHOST TOWN.



THE HOME OF GEORGE WASHINGTON!

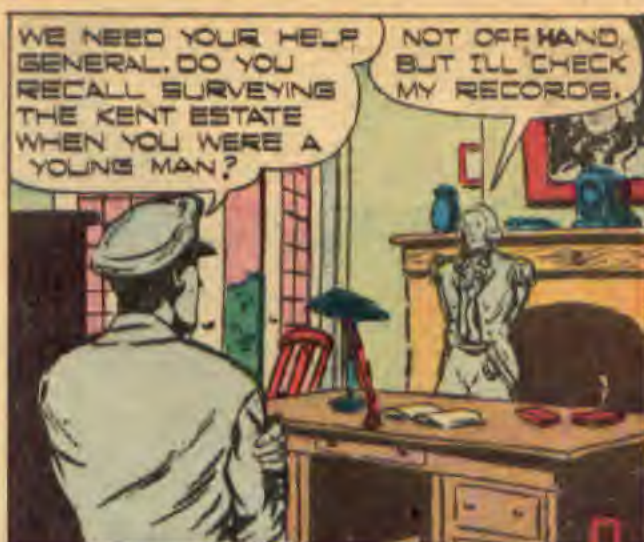


GEE, WHO EVER THOUGHT I'D MEET THE FATHER OF OUR COUNTRY?!

DON'T BE NERVOUS, JERRY.











AT THE KENT HOUSE...



**Q** UESTION No. 6. The name of what toy appears on this page?









MEANWHILE KENT DISPATCHES HIS THUG AND TURNS ON TORP.



SO YOU MOVED THE MARKERS, EH, TORP?

YES, BUT YOU WIN, KENT. THE SLICK LUMBER COMPANY WITHDRAWS ALL CLAIMS ON YOUR PROPERTY. WE'LL PUT THE MARKERS BACK WHERE THEY BELONG!



GEE, SPOOK, WHAT A NICE QUIET VACATION WE'RE NOT HAVING.

YOU SAID IT, JERRY!





# BOITRAM THE BOIGLAR

BY PET HELFANT







# MILEPOST CAVE

**T**UBBY MEYERS and George Adams ran to the mouth of a cave that yawned, dark and forbidding, in the rocks. Their friend, Paul Gilbert, who had just moved from the city to the country, followed with a cynical smile on his face.

"There it is," Tubby pointed at the dark opening. "They say that Indians lived in it long ago."

"Some men explored it once and found a lot of arrowheads," George said.

The boys had left the railroad tracks at the first milepost east of town, cut across a field of thick sagebrush, and come out on a wide expanse of gray lava rock. A desolate scene spread itself before them.

Paul had a bored expression on his face. "You fellows make me sick," he said. "I thought you'd have something worthwhile seeing, or I wouldn't have come all the way out here."

George and Tubby looked at each other and shrugged their shoulders.

Tubby crawled into the cave entrance and looked around. "Hey, fellows," he called. "There're the tracks of a —"

"A rabbit," Paul cut him

off. "I saw them before you did."

Tubby looked at him in disgust. "All right, wise guy. So it's a rabbit."

George noticed the tracks. They went into the cave but none came out. The small animal that had left its tracks in the sand was still inside, hidden in some dark recess in the rocks.

George winked at Tubby. "Sure, it's a rabbit," he said. "If we could catch it, we could build a fire and roast it here in the rocks."

For the first time, Paul showed interest in what the boys were talking about. "Go in and bring him out," he urged.

"Not me," George said, and winked at Tubby. "I'm afraid of the dark."

"Give me those candles," Paul ordered. He took the candles from Tubby and crawled into the cave.

"You shouldn't have let him go," Tubby said. "You know those tracks weren't made by a rabbit."

George grinned at his friend. "My father says that experience is the best teacher—and that wise kid needs to learn the hard way."

They waited at the opening in the rocks and listened.

"I'm going to call him back before he gets into trouble," Tubby said.

He started to crawl deeper into the cave but stopped when he heard a cry from the darkness.

Tubby made out the excited words. "I see him! I see him!"

"It's too late now," Tubby told George. His guilty look wasn't quite concealed by the broad grin on his face.

The two boys hurried from the cave and scrambled over the rocks. A few seconds later a small animal darted out and disappeared in the brush. It had dark fur, a broad white stripe on its back, and a white-tipped tail. An offensive odor filled the air.

Paul crept out of the cave, gasping for breath and holding his nose. "I'm sorry, fellows," he said in a thoroughly chastened tone. "I see now that I've been a wise guy and a nuisance. I deserved what I got."

"You are a stinker," George laughed. "We'll accept your apology, pal, but let's wait until you've had a bath and a change of clothes before we shake hands on it."



# HEATHCLIFF THE HOBO

BY ART HELFANT



THAT'S  
ME,  
KIDDIES!



ARF!



HELLO, POOCH! HOW WOULD  
YOU LIKE TO BE MY DOG?

ARF!  
ARF!



HI, HEATHCLIFF.  
WHAT'S THE  
IDEA OF  
THE MUTT?

WHY I'M SURPRISED  
AT YOU, HOTSPUR!

EVERYBODY KNOWS  
THAT A DOG IS A  
MAN'S BEST FRIEND.



A DOG WILL STICK WITH  
HIS MASTER THROUGH  
THICK OR THIN!



A DOG NEVER CARES HOW  
POOR HIS OWNER IS!

A DOG IS  
LOYAL!



WHY, DO YOU THINK IT MAKES  
ANY DIFFERENCE TO THIS DOG  
THAT I CAN'T FEED HIM?

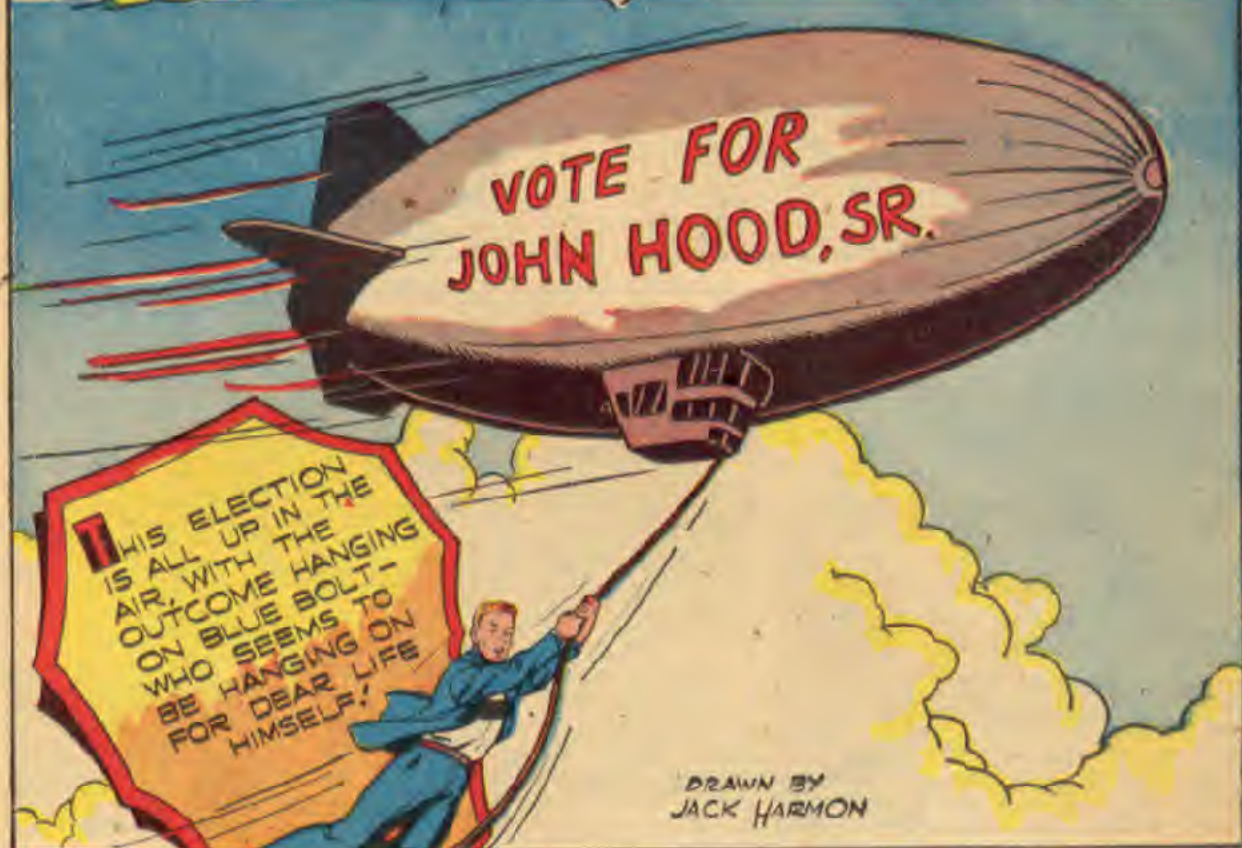


GULP!



# BLUE BOLT

THE AMERICAN



QUESTION No. 7. Is Father's Day in June, October, or February?





WE'D LIKE TO INTERVIEW MAYOR HOOD.

I'M JOE FLEECE, HIS RIGHT-HAND MAN.

THE MAYOR'S SON ACCUSED ME OF BEING A FRONT FOR CITY RACKETS! WHAT A CRUST! THE MAYOR IS HOPPING MAD!



I REFUSE TO DISCUSS MY SON'S TREACHERY! HIS STORIES ARE FANTASTIC!

THE VOTERS WILL STAND BY ME AT THE POLLS TOMORROW!

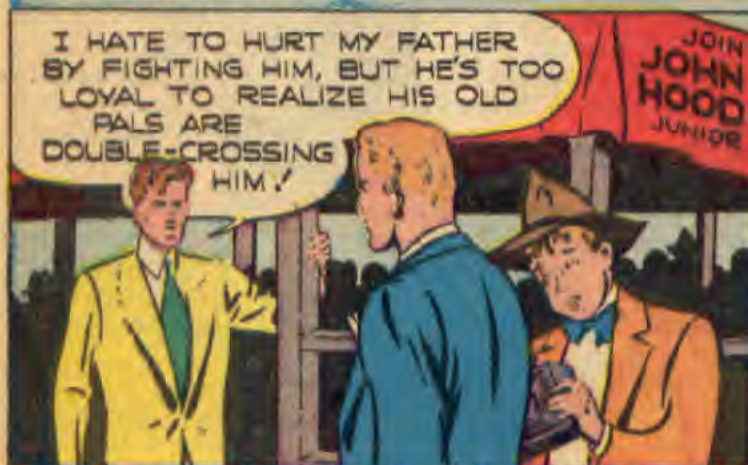
THE MAYOR LOOKS PRETTY FEEBLE... BUT HE SURE IS WET UP ABOUT HIS SON!

DON'T DISTURB THE MAYOR ANY MORE, BOYS! WE GOT A BIG CAMPAIGN STUNT TO PULL THIS AFTERNOON!



OKAY, FLEECE! NOW WE'LL GET THE SON'S STORY.

**B** BLUE BOLT FINDS THE MAYOR'S SON ABOUT TO ADDRESS A RALLY.



I HATE TO HURT MY FATHER BY FIGHTING HIM, BUT HE'S TOO LOYAL TO REALIZE HIS OLD PALS ARE DOUBLE-CROSSING HIM!

JOE FLEECE TOOK OVER WHILE DAD SPENT SIX MONTHS IN A HOSPITAL... AND DAD HASN'T FOUND OUT WHAT HAPPENED!





I'M SURE FLEECE IS TIED UP WITH MUDDY WALLER. THIS CITY'S BIGGEST RACKETEER!

HMM... GOT ANY PROOF?

NOTHING TO STAND UP IN COURT... AND MY FATHER WON'T ACCEPT ANYTHING ELSE! BUT IF I'M ELECTED, I'LL KICK FLEECE OUT... AND WALLER, TOO!

DAD IS GOING TO FLY OVER THE CITY IN A BLIMP, BROADCASTING... BUT I'VE GOT QUITE A CROWD RIGHT HERE!



**Y**OUNG HOOD ADDRESSES THE CROWD.

FRIENDS, IT'S TIME WE CLEANED UP THIS CITY—

JOIN WITH  
**JOHN HOOD**  
JUNIOR!!



**S**UDDENLY—

BOOOO!  
SISSSS!

YAA!!  
SHUDDUP,  
YA BUM!



CLEAN UP DIS!

YA NEED SOME VITAMINS, SONNY!

C'MON! LET'S SEE WHO'S PASSING OUT THE GROCERIES.



**Q**UESTION No. 3. Citrus fruits (oranges, lemons, limes, grapefruit) are rich in what vitamin?



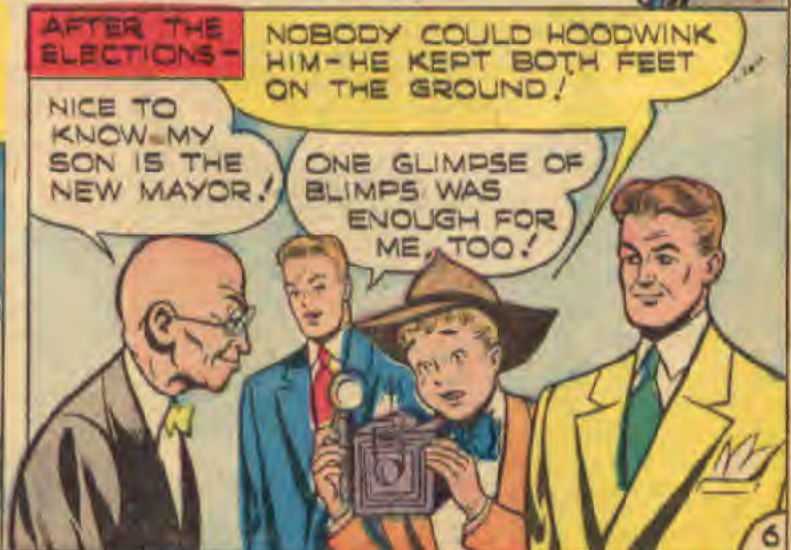






**Q** QUESTION NO. 9 Name two movie stars whose last names rhyme with "cable."







# NO SILK OR SATIN



DAT BY  
SPENCER

**B**UTCH McDowell made friends easily during his first month in the new country school. The other boys admired his broad shoulders and the way he could wrap his calloused fingers around a baseball bat.

All that changed, however, when Miss Murphy, the teacher, called for girls to join a school sewing club. One by one, they held up their hands.

"Would anyone else care to join?" Miss Murphy asked.

Butch held up his hand. "I'd like to," he said.

The girls glanced his way and tittered. The boys sat in a stunned silence, unable to believe their ears. Miss Murphy was the only one who could find her tongue.

"Why, Butch," she said. "I think that would be just wonderful." Her glance covered the big room. "How about the rest of you boys? Wouldn't you like to join?"

She was faced with a frosty silence and a sea of very red faces. The girls started to squirm in their seats, anxiously awaiting the bell for class dismissal.

Outside, the boys gathered around Butch. "What's the matter with you?" Cliff Beebe demanded. "Have you lost your mind?"

Little Sol Stevens did a pirouette on one toe and waved his hands in the air. "Oh, dear, dear," he wailed. "I just don't know what to wear to the party. Maybe Butch will make a new dress for me."

Everybody snickered and Butch's face turned red. "Look, fellows..."

"You look," Cliff cut in. He poked his finger in Butch's chest. "We don't want any sissies on the ball team. You can give up the sewing class or stay away from our gang."

"I can't back out now," Butch said.

During the days that followed, Butch was very unpopular. The boys avoided him as if he had the measles. The girls watched him at sewing classes and giggled when he had trouble with his stitches. Butch bent over his work and tried not to hear the whooping of the boys as they played ball outside.

He made the required number of towels and took the darning lessons. Then Miss Murphy made an announcement.

"The last school day of this month will be Achievement Day. Prizes will be given for the best sewing."

"How about me?" Butch asked. "Can I work in secret

and make anything I want?" Miss Murphy nodded agreement. "I think that's only fair. We couldn't expect you to make a dress."

On Achievement Day, the school was crowded with students and their parents. Cliff and Sol had front seats, and waited with broad grins for Butch to appear on the platform.

The girls showed their aprons and dresses and smiled their appreciation for the applause. Butch sat staring at the floor, a bundle under his arm.

Miss Murphy held up her hand for silence. "Now I'll introduce the winner," she said. "Butch, come up here."

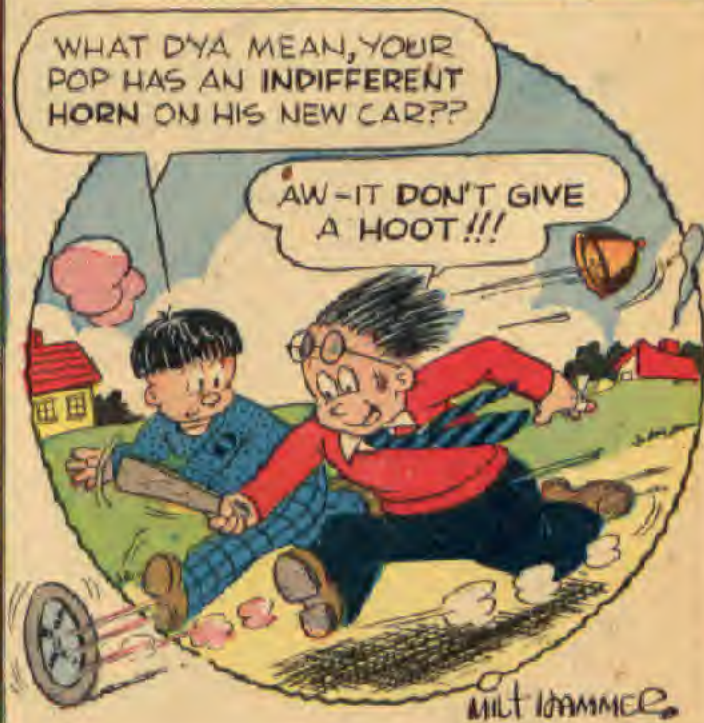
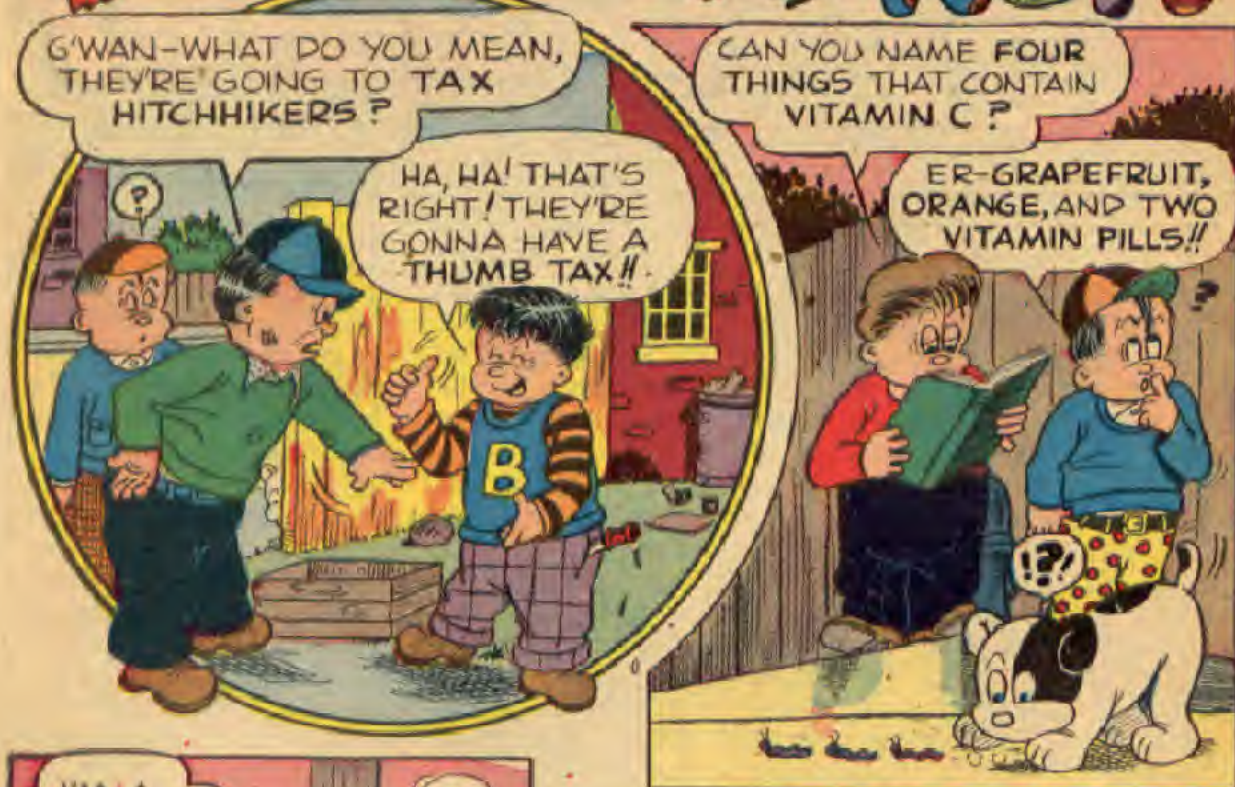
Butch mounted the platform and unwrapped his package. He held out two calf blankets and a shop apron that had been made out of burlap and feed bags. The school rang with applause for his neat and unusual work.

"Gee whiz!" Cliff muttered. "The guy ain't as dumb as we thought. He wasn't making dresses at all!"

Sol's face turned red with embarrassment as he stood up. "I'm going up there and congratulate him," he said. He grabbed Cliff by the arm. "And you're going with me, to invite him back on the baseball team!"



# BLUEBOLTS and NUTS





# Rick Richards

WHAT GOOD IS A WINTER RESORT WITHOUT ANY SNOW? 'S'NO GOOD, OF COURSE! BUT WHEN RICK RICHARDS STORMS INTO ACTION, HE SHOWS A TALENT FOR MAKING THINGS FALL!



YOU'RE A PUZZLE, RICHARDS, WHY DON'T YOU RELAX AND ENJOY YOUR MILLIONS INSTEAD OF SEEKING TROUBLE ALL OVER THE WORLD?

MIKE KEENE IS AN OLD PAL, PROFESSOR BRAD. I'VE A HUNCH HE NEEDS HELP, THAT'S WHY I HIRED YOU.



**Q**UESTION No. 10. What have these in common: cyclone, tornado, blizzard, hurricane, typhoon?





AS RICK LANDS HIS PLANE, MIKE KEENE ARGUES WITH GEORGE GRABEL, A WEALTHY LUMBERMAN.

BE REASONABLE, GRABEL. YOU KNOW I'M ON THE SPOT! TODAY IS OPENING DAY, AND THERE'S NOT A SIGN OF SNOW!



HUNDREDS OF BIG SHOTS AND SPORTS WRITERS ARRIVE TODAY, AND THEY'LL GO BACK ON THE NEXT TRAIN, DISGUSTED! THIS FREAK WEATHER WILL GIVE THE VALLEY A TERRIBLE NAME!



I WON'T BE ABLE TO PAY OFF ON THE LOAN RIGHT AWAY, SO...

HUMPH! ACCORDING TO YOUR CONTRACT, IF YOU DON'T MAKE REGULAR PAYMENTS, THE RESORT BECOMES MINE!

HI, MIKE!



RICK RICHARDS!

I READ ABOUT THE WEATHER GOING HAYWIRE UP HERE, MIKE-- SO I BROUGHT ALONG PROFESSOR BEALE!



THE PROFESSOR CAN MAKE SNOWSTORMS-- AND THIS ISN'T A GAG! IT'S STRICTLY SCIENTIFIC!





OF COURSE, ATMOSPHERIC CONDITIONS MUST BE RIGHT! THEN PROFESSOR SEALE SIMPLY DROPS A FEW POUNDS OF DRY ICE PELLETS FROM MY PLANE AND PRESTO...A SNOWSTORM IN TIME FOR YOUR OPENING!

GOSH, PROFESSOR... HOW DO CONDITIONS LOOK?



EXCELLENT! THOSE CLOUDS UP THERE ARE ALL POTENTIAL STORMS!



YIPPEE! I'M SAVED! SAY, MAKE WITH THE SNOW QUICK, WILL YOU? THE FIRST TRAIN IS DUE SOON!

BAH!

I'LL GO MEET THE GUESTS. IF THIS STUNT WORKS, RICK, YOU'VE SAVED MY LIFE!



BLAST IT! MY LUMBER-JACKS MUST MAKE SURE IT DOESN'T SNOW!



SEND RICHARDS AND THE PROFESSOR UP THE SKI TOW, THE CREW THAT'S TRIMMING THE MOUNTAIN TOP CAN HIDE THEM THERE TILL THE GUESTS GET DISGUSTED AND GO HOME!

OKAY, BOSS.



A MOMENT LATER...

RICK IS SLUGGED FROM BEHIND AS HE STEPS INTO HIS PLANE.





THEN HE AND PROFESSOR BEALE  
ARE SEIZED AND TIED TO THE SKI  
TOW.



HELPLESS, THEY ARE BORNE  
UP THE MOUNTAIN.



GRABEL SENT US A COUPLE  
OF PRESENTS, BOYS! LOCK  
'EM UP IN THE CABIN!



YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE CROSSED  
GRABEL, CHUMPS! HE'S PLENTY  
TOUGH!



MEANWHILE...

WELL, KEENE,  
WHERE'S  
THE SNOW?



ABSURD! I'M GOING  
HOME ON THE NEXT  
TRAIN...AND I WON'T  
BE BACK!

PLEASE, FOLKS,  
BE PATIENT!





TRAPPED IN THE CABIN, RICK KICKS AT SOME SKIS STANDING AGAINST THE WALL.

DON'T BE PETTY RICHARDS. KICKING AT THINGS WON'T HELP YOU!

NO, BUT MAKING A BLOODEY SHARP NOISE WILL!



A WAR WOUND MAKES MY ADRENAL GLANDS ACT UP, PROFESSOR. A SUDDEN NOISE FILLS ME WITH AMAZING STRENGTH!



RICK SNAPS HIS BONDS--

CARE FOR A DEMONSTRATION?

EXTRAORDINARY!



--AND BREAKS DOWN THE HEAVY DOOR.

INCREDIBLE! LET'S GO, PROF! WE'LL GRAB THEIR TRUCK AND GET BACK TO THE PLANE BEFORE MIKE'S GUESTS ALL GO HOME!



TELL YOUR BOSS THAT RICHARDS IS TOUGH, TOO!

MY WORD! YOU'RE MORE REMARKABLE THAN MY SNOW MACHINE!



THEY ESCAPED AND GRABBED OUR TRUCK! GRABEL WILL FIRE US ALL!

PILE INTO THE STATION WAGON! IT'S FASTER THAN THE TRUCK!



SOON--

HMMM. THEY'RE GOING TO FOLLOW US IN A STATION WAGON. I'LL PUT A STOP TO THAT!





RICK JUMPS FROM THE TRUCK AND---



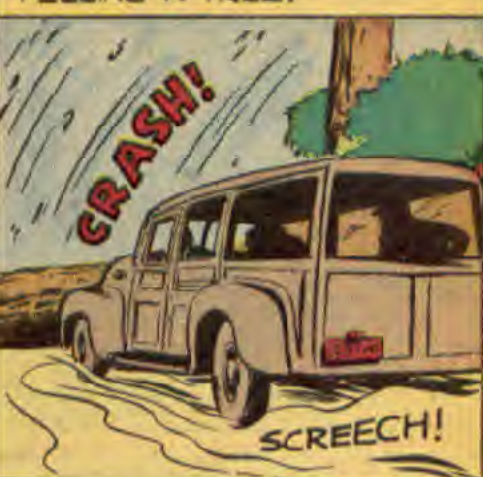
BLOCKED! WE CAN'T CATCH 'EM NOW!



ILL STOW AWAY. NOW IT'S UP TO ME TO MAKE SURE NO SNOW FALLS TODAY!



---SETS A NEW RECORD FOR FELLING A TREE!



SOON, AT THE BOTTOM OF THE MOUNTAIN, GRABEL SEES RICK AND THE PROFESSOR APPROACHING.

BLAST IT! HOW'D THEY ESCAPE?



FOR PETE'S SAKE, RICK, DO SOMETHING! EVERYBODY'S ABOUT TO LEAVE!





A FEW MINUTES LATER---

IDEAL CONDITIONS, RICK! FLY OVER THOSE FAT, MOISTURE-FILLED CLOUDS AND I'LL SPRINKLE THE DRY ICE INTO THEM.



SUDDENLY--

IF YOU MAKE WITH THE SNOW, I'LL MAKE WITH THE BULLETS!

HUH?!



CIRCLE AROUND TILL THE GUESTS LEAVE. THAT'LL QUEER BUSINESS FOR THE REST OF THE SEASON!



MIKE WILL HAVE TO TURN THE RESORT OVER TO ME. I'LL TURN IT INTO A MONEY-MAKER NEXT YEAR!

WHILE GRABEL GABS, I'LL DUMP SOME DRY ICE INTO WATER.



WHEN DRY ICE MEETS WATER, A SMOKE-LIKE VAPOR RISES!

FIRE!



FALLING FOR RICK'S RUSE, GRABEL DONS A PARACHUTE.

I CAN'T PUT IT OUT!

BUT I CAN GET OUT!



SO LONG, IDIOTS!

SO LONG, SUCKER!





GRABEL WILL LAND IN THE MIDDLE OF EAST NOWHERE! NOW GO INTO YOUR ACT, PROFESSOR!



I STILL DON'T SEE HOW FOUR POUNDS OF DRY ICE CAN START A BLIZZARD, BUT GO TO IT!

NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT, RICHARDS!



SURE ENOUGH, AS MIKE ESCORTS DISGUSTED GUESTS TO THE STATION---

SNOW!

SAY, MAYBE THIS TRIP WON'T BE A DUD AFTER ALL!

YEAH, THINK I'LL STICK AROUND FOR AWHILE!



HOURS LATER---

GREAT PLACE, EH, BYRON? WE MUST TELL THE GANG TO COME HERE!

YOU AND THE PROFESSOR SAVED ME, RICK, BUT WHAT HAPPENED TO GRABEL?

HERE HE COMES NOW!



UGH! I'VE STAGGERED THROUGH SNOWDRIFTS FOR HOURS! I'M EXHAUSTED-- FREEZING---

WELL, WELL! "THE ICEMAN COMETH!"



GRABEL TRIED TO STEAL THE WHOLE SNOW RESORT, BUT ALL HE GOT WAS FROSTBITE! HA, HA!





# FEARLESS FELLERS

BY  
JOE  
DONOHUE



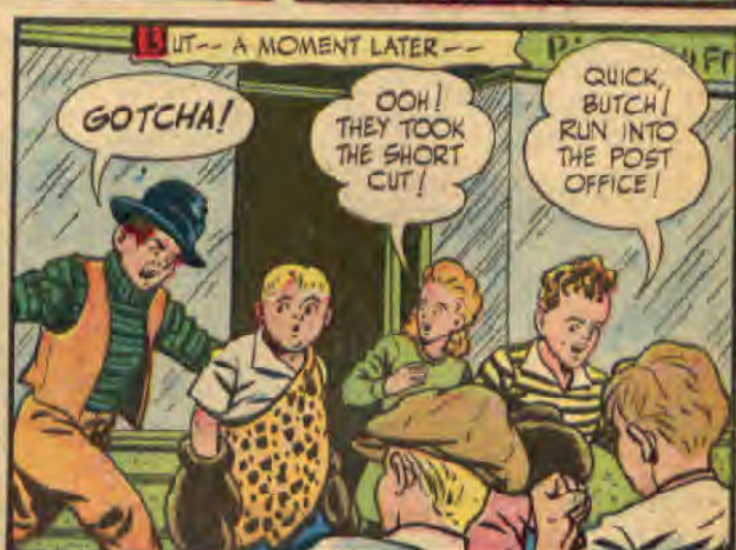


















# Edison Bell



## SNOW RODEO



HEY, JERRY...  
LOOK AT  
THIS!

MIGHT BE FUN.  
LET'S ENTER  
THE FREE-STYLE  
BOBSLED  
RACE.

OKAY.

AT CENTREVILLE  
STATION...

HERE'S AN  
ENTRY BLANK,  
BOYS.

THANKS.

TO ALL  
TRAINS  
→

GET FULL  
DIRECTIONS  
AT  
CENTREVILLE  
STATION.

SNOW RODEO  
SIGN UP HERE  
FEBRUARY 22  
LAKE COLLINS









THEY ARRIVE AT THE MOUNTAIN LODGE...AND SPEND A QUIET EVENING AROUND THE FIRE.







LAST EVENT OF THE MORNING IS THE PROFESSIONAL BOBSLED RUN.



RACE TIME...

HERE WE GO!

ALL SET. CHECK!



HALFWAY DOWN THE COURSE....

WHOA! TROUBLE AHEAD! THAT KID'S MAKING RIGHT INTO OUR PATH.



HEY! LOOK OUT! YOU'RE GOING OFF THE COURSE!

HAVE TO. CAN'T RISK HITTING THE CHILD.



QUESTION Use a word in Picture 5 to complete: "\_\_\_\_\_ before you leap."



EDISON STEERS THE  
SLED OFF COURSE...



THROUGH CLUMPS  
OF BUSHES.....



AND FINALLY REGAINS  
THE COURSE.



NOT  
BAD!

WE MADE IT,  
JERRY, EVEN IF  
WE DIDN'T WIN!

AND THE  
CHILD'S  
SAFE!



AND NOW A  
SPECIAL AWARD!

I WONDER  
WHOM THAT'S  
FOR?

SH! SH!



TO EDISON BELL AND HIS  
TEAM MATE, TRUE SPORTSMEN,  
WHO FINISHED THE RACE IN  
SPITE OF AN UNFORSEEN  
OBSTACLE, THE COMMITTEE  
GIVES THIS SPECIAL  
AWARD.



HOMEWARD BOUND...

THAT CLIP WILL  
LOOK GREAT  
IN OUR WORK-  
ROOM, JERRY!

WHAT A DAY...  
AND WHAT A  
RACE!





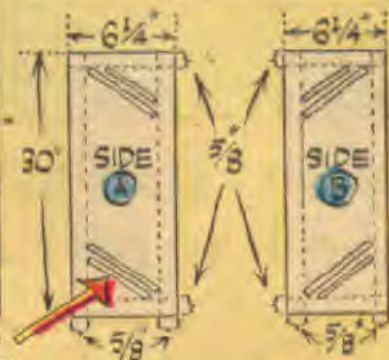
# THIS SNOW Periscope

LETS YOU DIRECT THE FIRE FROM YOUR SNOW FORT WITHOUT EXPOSING YOURSELF TO THE ENEMY.

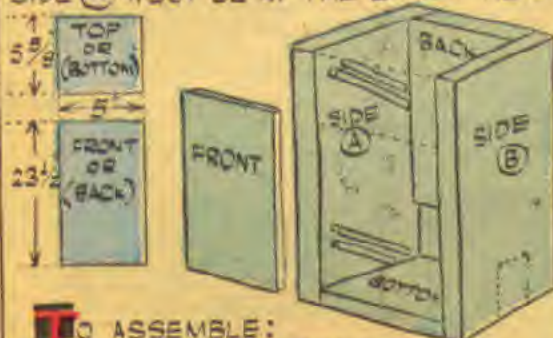


THE LIGHTER THE WOOD USED, THE EASIER TO HANDLE.  $\frac{5}{8}$ " BOARDS SHOULD BE SATISFACTORY.

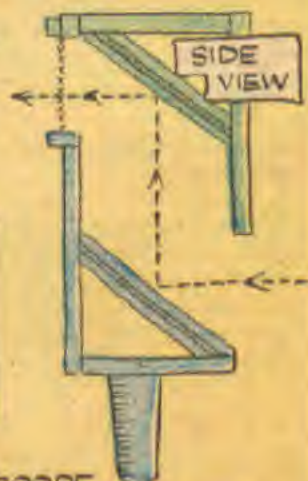
THE MIRRORS MUST BE BOUGHT FIRST, AS THE PERISCOPE MUST BE BUILT TO FIT THE SIZE OF THE REFLECTORS. HERE WE HAVE USED METAL-FRAMED 5"x6" MIRRORS. IF YOUR MIRRORS ARE A DIFFERENT SIZE, ALTER THE DIMENSIONS ACCORDINGLY.



MAKE THE MIRROR BRACES OUT OF CIGAR-BOX WOOD AND FASTEN THEM DOWN WITH BRADS... THEY MUST BE AT AN ANGLE OF  $45^\circ$  AND EXACTLY PARALLEL TO EACH OTHER. ALSO THE STRIPS ON SIDE (A) MUST BE AT THE EXACT HEIGHT AS THE STRIPS ON SIDE (B).



CUT THE SCREEN TO FIT THE FRONT OPENING AND FASTEN WITH NARROW STRIPS OF WOOD AND BRADS.



## TO ASSEMBLE:

1. NAIL SIDES TO EDGES OF FRONT AND BACK.
2. INSERT MIRRORS.
3. ATTACH TOP AND BOTTOM.
4. ADD THE HANDLES.
5. COVER FRONT PORTHOLE WITH SCREEN TO KEEP OUT SNOWBALLS.

PAINT THE 'SCOPE WHITE TO RENDER IT INVISIBLE...





# AMERICAN FLYER

Developed at the GILBERT HALL OF SCIENCE

SEE 'EM PUFF SMOKE!  
HEAR 'EM "CHOO-CHOO"



Lower train—No. 4607 Passenger Train, 31 pieces, 10 1/2" long, Variable Control, Operating with 14 pieces of track, costing 140¢ each—  
\$29.95

Top train—No. 4611 New York Central Freight, 34 pieces, 12 1/2" long, Variable Control, Operating with 14 pieces of track, costing 140¢ each—  
\$39.95

## THE ONLY SCALE MODEL TRAINS WITH ALL THESE THRILLING FEATURES

- ★ Real smoke synchronized with train speed
- ★ "Choo-choo" sound effects synchronized with train speed
- ★ Realistic 2-rail track—no old-fashioned third rail
- ★ Trains and track built to uniform 3-15" scale
- ★ Spectacular new Electronic Propulsion locomotives
- ★ Billboard whistle—works with any train system

The new American Flyers bring you all the wonder and glory of railroading. They puff real smoke. The built-in "choo-choo" reproduces the choo-choo sounds of a real locomotive under full steam. Both smoke and "choo-choos" vary in intensity as you increase or decrease the speed of your train. Locomotives, tenders, cars and track are all built to uni-

form 3-15" scale, so that your train looks like real—hugs the track like real. Cars have automatic couplers that couple anywhere. Uncouple by remote control. Die-cast locomotives have superpower worm drive that assures smooth, steady pull at all speeds from a crawl to 100 scale miles per hour. See and hear the sensational American Flyers at your nearest department or toy store.



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# "HARD-TO-GET" RECORDS

*Now Delivered to Your Door!*



SEE: BILL'S POPULAR SINCE HE GOT THOSE HOME FOLKS AND WESTERN RECORDS

WHERE DID HE GET 'EM? I THOUGHT RECORDS WERE SCARCE...

THERE'S ONE PLACE YOU CAN GET REAL HOME FOLKS AND WESTERN RECORDS. IT'S STEWART SALES CO. IN CHICAGO AND THEY DELIVER THEM RIGHT TO YOUR DOOR.



IF IT'S AS EASY AS THAT, I'M GOING TO ORDER SOME AND HAVE FUN TOO!



BILL'S NOT THE ONLY POPULAR ONE AROUND HERE NOW. HEAD 'EM GO FOR THOSE NEW HILL BILLY TUNES



## EXTRA SONG BOOK

If you purchase 6 or more records, you will also receive extra and without additional cost a wonderful song book containing many of your favorite hillbilly songs, besides pictures of your favorite western and hillbilly stars.

**SEND NO MONEY** Just pay postman C.O.D. plus postage and only 25c to help defray packing costs... no matter how big the package. All records sent insured.

- Ernest Tubbs
- WALKING THE FLOOR OVER YOU I'LL ALWAYS BE GLAD TO TAKE YOU BACK 79c
- I WONDER WHY YOU SAID GOODBYE I'LL NEVER CRY OVER YOU 79c
- RAINBOW AT MIDNIGHT I DON'T BLAME YOU 79c
- YOU WERE ONLY TEASING ME I'M BEGINNING TO FORGET YOU 79c
- DRIVIN' NAILS IN MY COFFIN FILIPINO BABY 79c
- ANSWER TO WALKING THE FLOOR OVER YOU 79c
- YOU'LL WANT ME BACK 79c
- THOSE SIMPLE THINGS ARE WORTH A MILLION NOW 79c
- I'M FREE AT LAST 79c
- YOU WON'T EVER FORGET ME THOUGH THE DAYS WERE ONLY SEVEN 79c
- NOW CAN I BE SURE THOSE TEARS IN YOUR EYES WERE NOT FOR ME 79c
- DON'T LOSE NO ONE (BUT YOUR BROKEN HEART IS SHOWING) 79c
- SO ROUND, SO FIRM, SO FULLY PACKED 79c
- I'LL STEP ASIDE THERE'S GONNA BE SOME CHANGES MADE AROUND HERE 79c
- SOLDIER'S LAST LETTER TRY ME ONE MORE TIME 79c
- IT'S BEEN SO LONG DARLIN' CARELESS DARLIN' 79c
- Ray Acle
- GREAT SPECKLE BIRD MY MOUNTAIN HOME SWEET HOME 63c
- GRAY SPECKLE BIRD NO. 2 TELL MOTHER I'LL BE THERE 63c
- WABASH CANNON BALL FREIGHT TRAIN BOOGIE 63c
- TENNESSEE CENTRAL JOLE BLON 63c
- PO' FOLKS THERE'S A BIG ROCK IN THE ROAD 63c
- Delmore Brothers
- HILL BILLY BOOGIE I'M SORRY I CAUSED YOU TO CRY 79c
- Charlie Lindell
- TEXASOMA BOOGIE THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG 79c
- Delmore Brothers
- FREIGHT TRAIN BOOGIE SOMEBODY ELSE'S DARLING 79c
- BOOGIE WOOGIE BABY BORN TO BE BLUE 79c
- Hank Penny
- PENNY BLOWS HIT TOP BOOGIE LOCKED OUT 79c
- Tex Williams
- SNOKE, SNOKE, SNOKE ROUND UP POLKA 63c
- LEAF OF LOVE CALIFORNIA POLKA 63c
- Red Irrel & Cincinnati Stamp
- I LOVE YOU FOR 75 MENTAL REASONS TEMPTATION 79c
- Tex Ritter
- SOMELODIE I'VE DONE THE BEST I COULD 63c

It's so easy to order! Just check the ones you want... write in your name and address and mail today!

- THERE'S A NEW MOON OVER MY SHOULDER I AM WASTING MY TEARS ON YOU 63c
- JEALOUS HEART WE LIVE IN TWO DIFFERENT WORLDS 63c
- GREEN GROW THE LILACS YOU TWO-TIMED ME ONE TIME TOO 63c
- OFTEN WHEN YOU LEAVE DON'T SLAM THE DOOR 63c
- LEAVE I TOLD YOU LATELY 63c
- LOVE ME NOW FROM NOW ON 63c
- BATS IN YOUR BELFRY THE LAST MILE 63c
- Southern Jay Quartet
- MY LADON WILL BE OVER I'M A DEBTER I KNOW 79c
- HE SET ME FREE THERE'S A LITTLE LOG CABIN 79c
- Thomas Family
- FARTHER ALONG I CAN'T GET DOWN 63c
- BETTER GET DOWN ON YOUR KNEES AND PRAY I AIN'T GONNA STUDY WAR NO MORE 63c
- Bradley Kincaid
- LEGEND OF THE ROBINS RED BREAST BLUE TAIL FLY 79c
- FOOTPRINTS IN THE SNOW THOSE PRECIOUS LOVE LETTERS 79c
- Grandpa Jones
- IT'S RAINING HERE THIS MORNING I'LL BE AROUND IF YOU NEED ME 79c
- THERE'S A GRAVE IN THE WAVE OF THE OCEAN I'LL NEVER LOSE THAT LONELINESS FOR YOU 79c
- STEPPIN' OUT HIND YOU'LL BE LONESOME TOO 79c
- DON'T SWEET TALK ME MAYBE YOU WILL MISS ME WHEN I'M GONE 79c
- I'VE BEEN ALL AROUND THIS WORLD OUR WORLDS ARE NOT THE SAME 79c
- EIGHT MORE MILES TO LOUISVILLE THAT MAKE BELIEVE 79c
- FAST BOUND FREIGHT TRAIN GET THINGS READY FOR ME, MA 79c
- HEART STEALIN' MAMA DARLING WON'T YOU LOVE ME NOW 79c
- HIDIN' ON THAT TRAIN ARE THERE TEARS BEHIND YOUR SMILE 79c
- GET BACK ON THE GLORY ROAD SHE'S GONE AND LEFT ANOTHER BROKEN HEART 79c
- MOUNTAIN DEW MY DARLING'S NOT MY DARLING ANYMORE 79c
- DECK DELTA BLUES (Denver Darling) JUNE JOINT MAMA 79c
- THE LETTER EDGED IN BLACK OH, I MISS YOU (Pete Cancelli) 79c
- Fay Willing
- COOL WATER YOU LATELY HAVE I TOLD 79c
- Johnny Bond & The Red River Boys
- IT'S A SIN DAUGHTER OF JOLE BLON 63c

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